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THE FUNNY WINDOW PANE.

Bobby Speaks

We have a funny window pane
That makes all objects seem
Like topsy-turvy things we see
In some fantastic dream.

It shows me nature as it's not,
Gets all grotesquely wrong;
It makes the man who's very thin
Look broader than he's long;

It makes the corn-crib sadly warp;
It makes the pond a hill;
It makes the fence that's long and straight
Just ripple like a rill;

It makes the cock an ostrich tall;
It makes the cat a pard;
It makes the gardener's pleasant smile
A smile of half a yard.

The bull-dog is a great hop-toad,
While in the sun he squats;
The horse looks crooked, with his legs
Tied up in funny knots.

And I'd be sorry if through life
My fate should be to pass
With eyes that could distort things like
That funny pane of glass.

—*Puck.*

HIS DUTY.

He Faithfully Performed It Under Trying Circumstances.

Mr. Wagner was superintendent of the great Bessemer Steel Works in Pennsylvania. One morning, about ten years ago, a young man came into his office whom he recognized as Richard Ogden, assistant book-keeper in a Philadelphia importing firm. Mr. Wagner shook hands with him heartily. He had known Ogden since he was a boy, and liked him thoroughly. He was a keen-eyed, doggedly honest fellow, and, unlike most young men, always hard at work. He had married lately, too. Mr. Wagner had been at his little house and seen the wife and baby.

"Hillo, Ogden! How came you here? In the busy season, too?"

"It is not busy for me, sir," said Ogden, gravely; "I am discharged. The firm, like all other Philadelphia firms, found it necessary to lessen expenses, and discharged one-fourth of their men. I was the youngest book-keeper, and had to go, of course."

"That is bad—bad." (It was in the days when the hard times were hardest.) "What are you going to do, Richard?"

"I can find nothing to do in Philadelphia. There are twenty thousand men there looking for work. I came to ask you for it."

"Me? My dear boy, our book-keepers have been with us for years!"

Richard laughed. "I did not come to oust them from their desks, Mr. Wagner. I do not hope to get any work for my head. I must put my hands to it now. Is there no place in the mill for me?"

"Among the hands? You do not mean that, Ogden?"

"Yes, I do," coloring slightly. "A man is a man, no matter how he earns his bread. I can not afford to be idle a week. With the wages which you pay your puddlers or firemen, I can support Mary and the boy in this village, where living is so cheap, at least until times mend."

"Very well, my lad," said Mr. Wagner, after a moment's hesitation, "you are right. I'll find a place for you to-morrow. By the way, you used to have a good deal of knowledge of chemistry, eh?"

"Yes, I thought of teaching it after I left college."

"Very good; I'll put you near Mr. Ferris. He can probably give you a few hints which may be useful—son of Judge Ferris, you know. Educated as a mining engineer; but he has gone into the works, like any poor lad, to work his way to a practical knowledge of the business. He has charge of the converter," he added, with a tone of respect, to which Ogden, never having heard of the converter, listened with indifference.

The next morning Ogden, in a workman's clothes, presented himself at the office, and Mr. Wagner himself took him into the mill and gave him his work, introducing him to Mr. Ferris in the tone which he would use in speaking of an equal. The familiarity was kindly meant, but injudicious.

"Who's that young cub old Wagner's making much of?" said Jake Crawford to the man at the coal heap beside him.

"Dunno; one of his pets, I reckon."

Jake was one of the most drunken and vicious men in the works. He scanned Ogden's gentlemanly bearing and white hands with a scowl of contempt, which changed to a positive glare when Mr. Wagner shook hands with him, saying: "Good-bye, my lad, and good luck!"

From that time Jake set down the young fellow as his enemy, whom he was bound to overturn. Ogden presently noticed that this man shoved him unnecessarily when he passed him in the throng, and swore at him under his breath, but, supposing him to be a drunken fellow, thought no more about it. His indifference but enraged Crawford the more. Poor Richard, whom he met on Sundays dressed like a gentleman, going with his wife to church, became in his eyes the embodiment of the "bloated aristocrat" whom he hated so heartily.

"I'll fix his lordship for life!" he said every day, and watched his chance to do it. Ferris, on the contrary, as Mr. Wagner had forseen, was attracted to the young man, and gave him work near to him, frequently explaining the processes to him. Ogden's previous knowledge of chemistry made him an intelligent hearer.

The "converter," of which Mr. Ferris had charge, is an enormous pot in which the molten metal and carbon are subjected to the force of a terrific blast by which the carbon is dissipated. At the instant when the right amount is left, the huge vessel is overturned into a pit, where it flows into tubes prepared for it.

Ferris' duty was to watch the lurid flames of the metal, and when, by the change in their tint, he saw the moment had come, to press on a lever, which, by hydraulic machinery, overturned the vast converter. Every time this was done, steel to the amount of six thousand dollars was made. If he missed the time, was a second too early or too late, the firm were losers to that amount. The men were not allowed to speak to him as the moment approached. Ogden always stood near, deafened by the thunderous roar of the blast, but watching Ferris' pale, intent face.

After a few weeks Ogden learned to distinguish the subtle change in the flame which marked the critical moment. He told Ferris so one day, jokingly adding: "I can take your place now, on an emergency."

"I hope I may not have to call on you," said Ferris, laughing.

Jake Crawford was behind the two men. His cunning eyes sparkled. He followed Ogden home in the dark, loitering about until he saw Richard's wife run down the path to meet him.

"How is Ben?" asked Ogden, eagerly.

"Better. I think it is not croup, only an ordinary cold."

"Ben's the baby? Aha!" muttered Jake. "I've got it; I'll settle his lordship now!" thumping his fist on his leg, and chuckling drunkenly.

Ogden's watch began at two o'clock the next morning. Little Ben was coughing and choking all night; his father sat beside his crib until it was time to go, and then set off with a heavy heart.

"What is the matter, Dick?" asked Ferris, passing him.

"The boy is threatened with croup. I think I could not live, Ferris, if I should lose that child," said Ogden. Crawford overheard, nodded and laughed.

At nine o'clock that morning there was a blow to be made. About eight Ferris stepped aside to eat his breakfast, which was placed in a tin pail on a barrel. He had some cold coffee which he set in a tin cup to warm beside a furnace.

"Look to that, Crawford, will you?" he said, and Jake assiduously bent over the cup. Out of his dirty pocket he took a white paper containing, not poison, but a nauseating medicine, slow and sure in action. This he hastily shook into the coffee.

Ferris made a very wry face, but gulped it down. He was hungry and cold. A little before nine Mr. Berringer, the principal owner of the works, came in and stood near Ferris. He never wearied of listening to the roar of the blast, or of watching the great machinery in motion, and the rush of white liquid metal from the caldron.

"Are you ill, Ferris?" he said, coming up to the young man, as he sat with his hand upon the lever and his eye upon the fiery fluid. "Your lips are blue."

"Yes," said Ferris, curtly. "But I'll see this through."

Mr. Berringer watched him closely. "You can't do it! You are near fainting now. How long will it be until it is ready?"

"About ten minutes," gasped Ferris, with a shudder of pain.

"Is there nobody who can take your place?"

"I—I don't know," he said, dully. Then he dropped the lever, and staggered forward. "I—I can not see!" he cried.

"Great heaven! What is to be done?" cried Mr. Berringer.

A quiet voice was heard from among the startled men: "I think I can take Mr. Ferris' place, if you will trust me."

"Ogden? Yes; try Ogden," said Ferris, as he sank down. Some of the men carried him out. Richard Ogden stepped up to his platform and put his hand on the lever which the mill-owner held.

"I'll try you, young man. It's all I can do. Remember, if you fail by an instant, it is a loss of several thousand dollars to us."

"I know, sir, I'll do my duty as well as I can," said Ogden, calmly; but he breathed a hurried prayer to God for help.

The frightful roar of the blast drowned all sounds, the curious workmen gathered around, watching Richard's eyes fixed on the flickering flame. It seemed to him as if the beating of the blood in his veins kept time with the fire. Suddenly, distinct and sharp, he heard, outside of the window near which he stood, his boy's name.

"Benny Ogden, he's dying of croup. Where's his father?"

"Great God!" He started wildly forward; then grasped the lever again with strained eyes and clenched teeth. *His duty.* He had promised he would do his duty. The next instant the flame, as if in pity for the man, changed its hue, and the lever sank. Out from the converter rolled the fiery flood. Richard sprang down from the platform white and trembling.

"Is it Benny you're goin' to?" said Dan McCarthy. "I'm just afther seein' the bye go past the mill wid his mother, an' its well and hearty he is. It wur Jack Crawford as played that durty thrick on yees, sur," turning to Mr. Berringer; "an' it wur him as dosed the coffee for Misther Ferris."

Mr. Berringer was a man of few words. "Send for a policeman for Crawford. Young man, the firm owes you something, and we will pay it as best we can."

They did pay it. This was four years ago. Mr. Ferris had been promoted in the works and Richard Ogden holds his place at a high salary. In one of the prettiest cottages in the village you may find Mary and Ben, who is the big brother of two youngsters as fat and chubby as himself.—*Youth's Companion.*

READING CHARACTER.

The Wonderful Gift of a Bright, Sweet, Vivacious Young Woman.

"O, uncle," said the dear, vivacious girl, "I've got something I want to tell you so much!"

"All right, Isabel, all right; go ahead and tell it," and he beamed on his niece a fond, fatherly gaze.

"It's about your character; I know it just as well as if I had known you a long time, and here this is the first day I ever saw you!"

"O, I suppose your father—"

"No, no one ever told me a word. I read it in your handwriting. You know I have learned to read character in writing, and so I read yours and know it perfectly."

"Indeed?"

"O, yes. Isn't it nice? Yes, you see I got a couple of your business letters to papa down at the office, and your character was just as clear to me as could be. Your down strokes indicate great force and decision, and your capitals are large, which show lofty imagination. Then all the way through your writing I could detect great benevolence and love of doing good?"

"Er—um, "said the old man as he rubbed his head. "Well?"

"Then your 'R's' and 'B's' and 'P's' show great fancy and love of the beautiful; and the decided full-stop indicates that you have no fickleness about you; and the line of writing inclines up slightly, which means loftiness of aim and a high purpose in life."

"Hah! Any thing more?"

"O, yes; your 'M's' and 'W's' readily tell that you have a fine poetical and artistic feeling, and your 'D's' and 'S's' are exactly like those of the most celebrated musicians; then I should judge that you were largely endowed with reverence and the love of truth; and also had excellent judgment and a well-balanced mind."

"Mebby! That all?"

"No, I read lots more. You have a strong love of home and family, which shows in your small letters; and the way you round all your characters indicates much ability for organization as well as great business aptitude; the way you dot your 'i's' shows liberality and desire to give every man his due; a certain unevenness to some letters indicates humor and originality combined with hearty good fellowship; and you cross your 't's' so near like all great orators and statesmen that I really wonder you have never entered public life and got into Congress."

"Hey? Hey? Go on!"

"Well, I don't think of much more just now, except that your signature seemed to me to vary rather more than the body of your writing than most people's; but that, I suppose, is because you have to write it so often. I thought I detected a little stubbornness in it, as well as a shade of bigotry, and some indications of a high and quick temper, and perhaps a little that would indicate a lack of appreciation of other people's accomplishments, with a faint touch of combativeness and inability to grasp new ideas. But, then, that's nothing. O, I do want to show you the lovely Christmas present papa gave mamma," and she tripped away with an engaging smile.

"Isn't it truly wonderful," said Isabel's young man, who sat across the room on the edge of the sofa, "how Miss Isabel can read character from handwriting? Really surprising!"

"Y-a-e-s—y-a-e-s," said the old man; "y-a-e-s, very wonderful, remarkably surprising! The dodgastedest wonderfullest thing I ever saw!" And the old man got up and glared over his spectacles after his hat. "Y-a-e-s, dummed surprising, I must say! I hire a slimpsy-legged, shallow-minded young man that looks some like you, and pay him eight dollars a week to write all my business letters, and all I ever do is to sign my name to 'em! O, yes, awful wonderful!" And he went out the front door and nearly sprained his foot in boarding a street-car, and ripped and swore under his breath till he scared off two lady passengers.—*F. H. Carruth, in Chicago Tribune.*

Not the Genuine Article.

"Mr. Bliven," said that gentleman's tailor the other day, "I trust it will soon be convenient for you to settle that little account I have with you."

"I don't know of any account I have with you," replied Billy; "Oh, I see; there is a fellow who resembles me so closely that you can't tell us apart, who has been going about pretending that he is Billy Bliven. But permit me to assure you, sir, that he is only a counterfeit bill."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Western papers are discussing the rise of Bill Nye and trying to determine who was his discoverer. Editor Rothacker, of the Omaha *Republican*, says that Bill needed no discoverer, but he submits the following testimonial, written upon Nye's second book: "To O. H. Rothacker, who, more than any one else, is responsible for the crimes against public patience of which I have been guilty.

"E. W. Nye."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—A sister of the great Alexandre Dumas has just died a nun at eighty years of age. She entered the cloister when thirty.

—Cardinal Newman says that he wrote but three stanzas of "Lead, Kindly Light," the fourth being "an unwarranted addendum by another pen."

—President Cleveland recently remarked to a caller who expressed regret at not seeing Mrs. Cleveland: "The truth is I don't see much of her myself. If I see her once a day I consider myself pretty lucky."

—Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston, daughter of Prof. Agassiz, has for eight years supported free kindergartens in the poorest quarters of Boston and Cambridge at a personal expense of as much as fifty thousand dollars a year.

—Miss Braddon, the novelist, whose real name is Mrs. John Maxwell, lives at Richmond, near London, Eng. She is a middle-aged woman, who delights in outdoor exercise and is especially fond of horseback riding.

—"Grandma" Eliza Ballou Garfield, who died at Mentor on January 21st, was eighty-six years old, and had been for fifty-five years a widow. She was the only woman who ever saw her son inaugurated President of the United States.

—Charles Dickens recently wrote his name on a New York hotel register "Charles Boz Dickens," and said to a friend: "That was a little joke of my grandfather's, who was present at my christening, and when my father, in response to the clergyman, gave my name as Charles my grandfather muttered 'Boz,' and the minister put it in. This is my information, at least; I do not remember the circumstance myself. But I am told that Charles Boz is my baptismal name."

—George W. Childs is another millionaire who uses neither intoxicants nor tobacco. He likes fine dishes, and he has a good cook, but he eats plainly, and his digestion is in good condition. His table service is probably the finest in the United States. It is made up of choice china from all over the world. Sevres, Worcester, Derby, Dresden and Minton vie with the rarest productions of China and Japan, and it is said that one of his dinners to twenty persons brings out china worth thirty thousand dollars.

—Johann Strauss has written a biography of his father, the waltz composer, who, together with Lanner, created the modern Vienna dance music. The elder Strauss, who died in 1845, at the age of forty-five, was for a time a leader of Lanner's orchestras, which he left when he discovered his talent for composition. "In those days," says his son, "composing was easier than it is to-day. Now, in order to produce a polka, one has to study the entire musical literature, and, perhaps, in addition, several philosophical systems; formerly only one thing was required in composing—one had to have an idea."

HUMOROUS.

—The English language sounds funny to a foreigner, as when one says: "I will come by and by to buy a bicycle."—*Exchange.*

—"I have got the drift of the thing," the fellow said, as he shoveled snow three feet deep from his front sidewalk.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

—Georges I., II., III. and IV. of England showed the effects of their dissolute behavior in early life. They were Rex many years before they died.—*Life.*

—There is one thing to be said for the brass band. It never hangs back and blushes and protests incompetency when it is asked to play.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—A scientist says: "If the land were flattened out, the sea would be two miles deep all over the world." If any man is caught flattening out the land, shoot him on the spot. A great many of us can't swim.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"I've a letter from your sigher, baby mine, baby mine," remarked the old man to his daughter, as he intercepted a tender missive from the hired hand. "I can kiss and never tie her," muttered the unfortunate fellow, as he watched it going into the stove.—*Peoria Transcript.*

—Young man (to waiter)—"What have you got, waiter?" Waiter—"Anythin' an' everythin'." Young Man—"Well, give me some nightingales' tongues on toast." Waiter (after a short absence)—"Sorry, boss, but the cook says as what the toast is all out."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Dearest," said a fond but practical lover, after the wedding day had been set, "can you—er—do you know how to sweep?" "Sweep?" repeated the girl, with a proud glitter in her eyes. "At the party to-morrow night, George, dear, just watch me as I sweep into the room!"

—Miss Polly (of Nevada)—"I was surprised to hear of your engagement with Bill Flounders, Kitty. I thought you intended to refuse him." Miss Kitty—"I did intend to, Polly, but he got the drop on me, and I had to say yes. Bill is the quickest man with a gun west of the Missouri."—*Epoch.*

—If it could be so arranged that by putting a nickel into a slot at the foot of the stoop, an illuminated name and number would come down the steps with a glass of apollinaris water and play a tune, we would be in better shape to point with pride to our National institutions and brag over foreign powers.—*Bill Nye.*

OUR CALIFORNIA LETTER.

SACRAMENTO CITY, January 21, 1888.
[Special Correspondence.]

California, the largest State in the Union except Texas, is 700 miles long with an average width of 250 miles. The Sierra Nevada and Coast Range of mountains run parallel, northeast and southwest, the Sierras having an altitude of from 8,000 to 14,000 feet; the Coast Range from 2,500 to 4,000 feet, and they are divided by a number of valleys and rivers, the principal one being the Sacramento valley, 200 miles in length and 45 miles average width, through which runs the Sacramento river, a navigable stream for about 150 miles from its entrance into Suisun bay, a small bay at the head of the bay of San Francisco.

Sacramento valley proper includes the counties of Sacramento, Yuba, Butte, Tehama, Colusa, Sutter, Yolo and Solano, these being bordered by the mountain counties of Amador, El Dorado, Placer, Nevada Sierra, Plumas, Shasta, Trinity, Mendocino, Lake and Napa, affording a great variety of soil and climate, owing to the difference in elevation.

The soil of the valley counties bordering upon the Sacramento river is principally a dark, rich adobe and alluvial soil, and well adapted to the growth of cereals. Along the foot hills varieties of soil from black adobe to light sandy soil appears. The lower slopes of the mountains contain different soil, some being sands, of light color, others light clay, and much a deep red clay. The summits are more rocky and volcanic, and the soils vary, some being clay hills, sandy ridges, loamy meadows and deep, rich valleys in the very tops of the mountains, being the favorite resort of large herds of sheep and cattle during the summer months.

Stretching along the foot-hills and up the mountain sides to the altitude of 2,500 feet is what is known as the "thermal belt." It is in this belt where the warm air lingers when the sun goes down, and to which the warm air rises when the first rays of the morning sun are thrown upon the valley. Tender plants and semi-tropical fruits are grown in profusion, as was fully demonstrated at the Citrus fair held in Oroville, Butte County, in December last. This "thermal belt" is also noted for its wonderful curative qualities in lung and asthmatic complaints. But very little good Government or railroad land near the railroads or rivers remain. Land is worth from $5 to $500 per acre according to location and improvements. In the foothill region land is selling from $5 to $50 per acre. In the valley bordering on the Sacramento river large ranches of from 1,000 to 60,000 acres have been the prevailing feature. As population comes in these will be subdivided and on their rich alluvial soil thousands of small farms, the homes of thrifty families, will be established, but this can not be accomplished until the population increases and there is a demand. The population of this great State is about 1,500,000, but it is capable of supporting 10,000,000 people.

All this vast region of soil, water and climate, unsurpassed by any other, now invites population—not lazy, shiftless, impecunious persons, such would soon starve or be found begging—but men with brain and muscle, and enough money to give them a fair start, enough to sustain them while improving the lands, to make them produce that for which nature intended them—such men, if with families so much the better, can find abundant opportunities to secure at moderate cost such a home as will be pleasant and profitable. A man with a family willing to help him, if he has from $1,000 to $3,000 in hand, is safe to make a beginning which, if he is judicious, should lead him to prosperity.

Two branches of the Central Pacific railroad leaves Sacramento—one on the east side of the valley, via Marysville and Chico and the intermediate towns, the other on the west side, via Woodland Willows and Williams and intermediate towns uniting at Tehama, the now head of navigation on Sacramento river. From thence the road is continued to Portland, Ore., this road having been completed within the last sixty days, opening up country wonderfully rich in farming timber and mineral products.

Until the past five years the raising of wheat and barley was the principal occupation of the farmers of the Sacramento valley, the grain being transported to Europe on ships, but the completion of three trans-continental railroads—the Central Pacific, Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, with the prospect of other roads soon coming, affording increased facilities and reduced rates transportation, has given a wonderful impetus toward raising fruit, and California will soon be considered the garden spot of the world. The Sacramento valley has supplied nine-tenths of the fruit sent East, and the "Fruit Growers' Union," an association of farmers, in the year 1887 sold their fruit in New York and Boston on the auction plan, and with gratifying success. It will be tried in other cities this coming season, with reduced rates of transportation, so that sixty million of people in the United States can afford to purchase these California fruits, and the progress and development of the fruit business will be something wonderful.

The largest grain-growers in the valleys do their plowing with gang plows and their harvesting with the latest improved machinery. Consequently farm hands in the past had employment only during a portion of the year, but since the fruit and vine business is coming to the front, more and continuous labor is required, and in some of the more advanced fruit districts during the fruit picking season the school vacations are extended in order to allow the children to assist in securing the crops.

Fruit canneries and driers are being established and thousands of tons of fruit are preserved in this manner. Good farm hands get from $25 to $30 per month by the year; harvest hands, $1.50 to $2.50 per day; mechanics, from $2 to $4 per day; good house servants, from $15 to $30 per month, and are scarce. Chinese are largely employed in house service, but could be easily displaced by bright American or German girls who would be willing to go into the country. The Celtic girls, as a rule, dislike to leave the cities.

Railroads now traverse the principal valleys, the rate of fare being three cents per mile on valley and four cents per mile on mountain routes.

Dry-goods, clothing, and, in fact, all the lighter class of goods can be purchased as cheaply as in the Western States. Heavy goods, where freight is an important item of cost, are more expensive.

Banks, both commercial and savings, are plenty, the current rate of interest at this time being seven to nine per cent. per annum. Hotel accommodation both good and reasonable, fair board being obtained at twenty-five cents per meal and four dollars per week. First-class hotels charge from two to four dollars per day for room and board.

There are plenty of good newspapers, churches and schools. The writer, in his wanderings over the mountains and through the valleys of the central portion of this wonderful State, could not help noticing the cosmopolitan character, free and easy, hospitable, kind-hearted character of the people.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

ADELBERT COLLEGE.

An Institution Which Has Shut Its Doors Against Women.

It is definitely decided that Adelbert College shall no longer admit girls, and Cleveland, O., is in a ferment of excitement. The decision is unpopular with the mass of the citizens, as well as with the young women now in the college. But the alumni, most of whom graduated before Adelbert admitted women, are opposed to co-education. Dr. Haydn, the new president, is also opposed; above all, a few rich men are understood to be willing to give large sums to the college on condition that the young women are excluded. Accordingly, the deed is done. The girls now in college will be allowed to finish their course, but will not recite with the young men; and no more girls will be admitted. There is some talk about providing an annex for women in the future; but the college has not money enough at present to establish one.

Young women have been admitted to Adelbert since 1884, and it is admitted that they have taken more than their share of the honors. The two scholars who stand highest in this year's class are girls. Judge Upson, vice-president of the board of trustees, said in his speech at the inauguration of the new president:

"For those young women who have entered our doors in days past and are with us now, we have nothing but words of commendation. Their course through these untroubled years has been characterized by fitting decorum, studiousness and fidelity, crowned with success."

Judge Upson defended the exclusion of the girls at great length. He said that Ohio abounded in coeducational colleges, some of them so large and successful that Adelbert could not compete with them. There was no demand for another coeducational college, but a separate college—or rather, two separate colleges, one for men and one for women—would meet a real want on the part of parents who did not believe in coeducation.

Judge Upson favors the union of the two medical colleges that now exist in Cleveland, and enlarged upon the folly and needless expense of keeping up two colleges for the same purpose in the city, when one strong institution would do as well and better. He went on to advocate the establishment, wherever possible, of two colleges side by side, one for boys and the other for girls, and did not seem to perceive the inconsistency of his argument. Moreover, the proposed annex for girls is as yet "all in the air," and may never become an accomplished fact. Meanwhile, Cleveland girls who want a collegiate education will have to go away from home to get it, and much dissatisfaction prevails.

It remains to be seen whether Adelbert's new departure will be a success financially. It will attract gifts from the opponents of coeducation; but the money of the friends of coeducation will go elsewhere. The latter class is growing, the former steadily diminishing. Justice and liberality are principles to be followed, whether they pay or not; but in the long run they generally do pay.—*Woman's Journal.*

ITEMS ABOUT WOMEN.

MRS. MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT thinks of coming to this country to lecture.

MRS. JANET RUNTZ REES recommends mushroom raising as a profitable industry for women.

MRS. HELEN M. GOUGAR reports excellent success with the series of suffrage conventions she is holding in Illinois.

MRS. FURTADO HEINE has founded and maintains in Paris a dispensary where from four to five hundred children are treated daily.

MISS LAURA CLAY is president of the Fayette (Ky.) Equal Suffrage Association, which has organized for active work, with an excellent programme.

MRS. RALPH WALDO EMERSON heads the woman suffrage petition sent in this year from Concord, Mass., and all the clergymen of the town are among the signers.

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH writes her thrilling sensational novels in a quaint, gable-roofed cottage in Georgetown, overlooking the Potomac, with a fine view of Arlington.

MISS MARY W. WHITNEY will take Maria Mitchell's place at Vassar for the present. She was Prof. Mitchell's assistant for some time, and has lately been studying at the Harvard Observatory.

MRS. IDA G. HARPER, in her department in the *Fireman's Magazine*, gives a graphic account of arranging for thirteen woman suffrage conventions in Indiana. It will be historical reading some day.

MRS. E. P. JACKSON, with a party of gentlemen and guides, ascended the Lauteraarhorn and the Little Vieschерhorn a few days ago. This is the first time the ascent has been accomplished in midwinter. Mrs. Jackson wore only her usual mountaineering dress.

MRS. USHER lately brought suit for damages against the West Jersey railroad for the loss of her husband, who was killed in a railroad accident. A New Jersey statute requires such suits to be brought in the name of the "personal representatives of such deceased persons." The courts have decided that a widow is not the "personal representative" of her deceased husband, and have non-suited Mrs. Usher on that ground. Had she been the executor instead of the wife, she could have recovered damages.

THE WOMAN'S CRUSADE.

A Brief but Eloquent Plea for Women's Rights.

I do not know what you may think of the woman's crusade, says Mary T. Lathrop, in the *Woman's Journal*, but let me say, as a woman who stood inside it, that the womanhood of this nation never laid such a tribute at the feet of its manhood. If you want to find out what a boy is worth, go and ask his mother. By the time she goes into the jaws of death to give him birth, and then puts into him her days of love and her nights of care, and he stands before her strong and clean and tall at twenty-one, she can tell you what he is worth from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; and when the legalized dram-shop takes hold of him, and tears him down fiber by fiber, and puts oaths on the lips that she used to kiss, and crushes out his mother's hopes, it is no wonder she makes outcry.

If you want to know what a home is worth, go and ask a loving woman who has kept herself as pure as God's lilies for her marriage day, when, with a great shine in her eyes, she puts herself over into the hands of one man, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, until life's end. And when the dram-shop with its fearful curse crosses the threshold of the home they built together, and takes down her strong tower of hope, stone by stone, and degrades the father of her children, it is no wonder woman makes outcry.

What was the woman's crusade? It was a long-smothered sob breaking into a cry; it was a midnight prayer coming abroad at noonday. You men sometimes say to us, as we stand in places like this: "Home is your kingdom." We do not dispute it. We know it better than you know it. But it was our kingdom that was outraged. You say to us, standing ballotless and defenseless before this vampire of our civilization: "You do not need the ballot; we defend you by love and by law." Do you, when for eighty-five years, by well-defined license legislation, motherhood has been uncrowned and her children slain by law, and you have made no protest against it? You have prayed about it in prayer-meeting; but when it came to the sweep of empire in the ballot-box and in political organizations, you have made no protest. O men, I do not believe a civilization is worth much that can not protect its women and its babies. And, grand as you are, and strong as you are, and true as you are, you will never be able to protect your women and your children and the dram-shop at the same time. Oh, in shame, in very shame, either get up and strike down this enemy of the home and of wifehood and of childhood, or else put the ballot into the hands of your women for their own protection!

NO DISTINCTION.

Josiah Allen's Wife Gives Her Views on Equality of the Sexes.

That quaint personage, Josiah Allen's wife, offers the following sensible thoughts respecting an equal standard of right for both sexes:

Josiah Allen's children have been brought up to think that sin is jest as bad in a man as it is in a woman; and any place of amusement that was bad for a woman to go to was bad for a man.

Now, when Thomas Jefferson was a little feller, he was bewitched to go to circuses, and Josiah said: "Better let him go, Samantha; it hain't no place for women or girls, but it won't hurt a boy." Says I: "Josiah Allen, the Lord made Thomas Jefferson with jest as pure a heart as Tirzah Ann, and no bigger eyes and ears, and if Thomas J. goes to the circus, Tirzah Ann goes, too."

That stopped that. And then he was bewitched to get with other boys that smoked and chewed tobacco, and Josiah was jest that easy turn that he would have let him go with 'em. But says I:

"Josiah Allen, if Thomas Jefferson goes with those boys, and gets to chewin' and smokin' tobacco, I shall buy Tirzah Ann a pipe."

Josiah argued with me; says he: "it don't look so bad for a boy as it does for a girl."

Says I: "Custom makes the difference; we are more used to seein' men. But," says I, "when liquor goes to make a fool and a brute of any body, it don't stop to ask about seet; it makes a wild beast and idiot of a man or woman; and to look down from Heaven, I guess a man looks as bad layin' dead drunk in a gutter as a woman does. Things look differently up there than what they do to us. It is a more sightly place.

"And you talk about looks, Josiah Allen. I don't go on clear looks. I go on to principle. Will the Lord say to me in the last day: 'Josiah Allen's wife, how is it with the sole of Tirzah Ann—as for Thomas Jefferson's sole, he bein' a boy it haint of no account?' No, I shall have to give an account to Him for my dealings with both of these soles, male and female. And I should feel guilty if I brought him up to think that what was impure for a woman was pure for a man. If a man has a greater desire to do wrong—which I won't dispute," says I, lookin' keenly on to Josiah—"he has a greater strength to resist temptation. And so," says I, in mild accents, but as firm as old Plymouth Rock, "if Thomas Jefferson hangs, Tirzah Ann shall hang, too."

MRS. MAUD HOWE ELIOT is writing another novel.